

The Tragedy of Hamlet

By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they doe know my son, come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as't were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him: Doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say not well,
But if it be he I meane hee's very wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranke
As may dishonour him, take heed of that;
But sir, such wanton, wild, and usuall slips
As are companionous noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so farre.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandall on him,
That he is open to incontineney,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty,
The flash and out-broke of a fiery mind,
A savagenesse in unreclaimed blood
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir here's my drift,
And I beleeve it is a fetch of wit.
You laying these sleight sullies on my sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little soild with working,
Mark you, your party in converse, he you would sound,
Having ever seene in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence;

Good

Prince of Denmark

Good sir (or so) or friend, or
According to the phrase or
Of man and countrey:

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir does a th
By the Masse I was about to
Where did I leave?

Rey. At closes in the conf

Pol. At closes in the conf
He closes thus, I know the
I saw him yesterday, or th
Or then, or then, with such
There was a gaming there, o
There falling out at Tennis,
I saw him enter such and such
Videlicet, a Brothell, or so fo
Your bait of fallhood takes t
And thus doe we of wisdom
With windles, and with c
By indirec'ts finde direction
So by my former Lecture an
Shall you my sonne. You hav

Rey. My Lord I have.

Pol. God buy ye, fare ye

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Observe his inclinatio

Rey. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his l

Rey. Well my Lord.

Enter Ophelia

Pol. Farwell. How now Oph

Oph. O my Lord, my Lord

Pol. With what i'th nam

Ophel. My Lord as I was
Lord *Hamlet* with his doub
No hat upon his head his sto
Ungartred, and downe gyve
Pale as his shirt, his knees k